
Title: Terraknight Chronicles Vol. IV

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Terraknight
Chronicles

Volume 4

Descendants I

Of all the first generation descendants of Denkhara and Sephie, the strongest by far was Andrea. Andrea possessed the innate powers of Denkhara, and the kind heart of Sephie. Daknit, Celes, and Klog each went their separate ways, but Andrea kept to Trinsic, working as a healer. She resurrected those who had been slain outside the city walls. Attacks upon Trinsic by the undead had risen. Each day many folk stood at the city gates and held back several waves of undead foes, battling until their lives gave out. Andrea, as well as the rest of Trinsic, was confined to the city.

And outside the city walls, lay Denkhara's tower, and the corpse of Sephie Terraknight. Sephie and Andrea hadn't often spoke to eachother, and Andrea never visited the tower.

Andrea always complained about horrible feelings she experienced when she was at the tower. As she grew older, the feelings

became stronger, to an unbearable point where she was forced to leave home. Before then, Denkhara had taken her as an apprentice, teaching her of all the sorts of magic he had learned in his insane lust for power. Andrea would often spend weeks at a time under a waterfall outside of Trinsic, meditating, to a point she could form the flow of water to whatever she desired. Such intense concentration was never achieved by her maddened father.

Many young wizards would seek Andrea's teachings, and she refused them all, even the most promising of pupils. She didn't wish anyone to learn the many secrets she'd inherited from her father.

Andrea's long, curly brown hair showed streaks of blue from her father's side. She had brilliant eyes of emerald green, which seemed to flare from time to time. Rumors flew around Trinsic that she was an immortal witch, or some seductive demoness. Her only friend was a young man named Locke, a pickpocket. She'd met Locke in the way most healers meet thieves... He'd often show up as a ghost. Locke stole Andrea little trinkets from time to time, and even when he failed and was killed, he would boast, "You can't say I wouldn't die for you."

Locke's hair was often powdered white in a disguise, but Andrea would always recognize him, give

him a smile, and shake a finger at him, as if to say "Hey! I'm getting tired of bringing you back from the dead!"

Locke always wore a smile across his scarred face (a product of one too many smacks from guards). For this very reason, Andrea was rightfully frightened to see Locke come into the healer shop alive, with a panicked look to his face.

"What troubles you?" she asked him, trying to read his eyes.

Lock stood speechless for a moment, searching for the right words. "Your mother is..." He didn't need to say another word.

Andrea collapsed, not crying, but simply staring at the floor, too moved to even shed tears. Several minutes passed before she could even speak again. "How?" was the first word from her mouth. Locke Hesitated. "Tell me, please," she pleaded.

"Ver well. I haven't confirmed it myself, but there are rumors that the undead raids come from yoru father's tower. If that's right, then I fear Sephie's been slain by Denkhara." Andrea finally found her tears.

Now here is the difference between Denkhara and Andrea, magic-wise. Andrea feeds off her emotions, and channels them into her magic. This is why she so enjoyed working as a

healer. Her kind heart
and need to help people
facilitated her healing
efforts. She lost her
healing abilities the second
she heard of her
mother's death. In that
instant, her healing magic
left her, and in its place
came incredibly
destructive forces,
stemming from deep
within her. She felt
sorrow toward the death
of her mother, and even
more importantly, rage
toward Denkhara. Her
eyes flashed several times
over, then remained a
solid green. Andrea
disappeared from Trinsic.
That day, those at the
gates reported a rain of
fire from the sky, the
flames strangely licking at
the undead hordes and
avoiding the humans.

Andrea Terraknight found
herself standing outside
of her father's tower,
fists clenched. She
needn't even speak magic
words at this point. She
walked toward the
doorway and the huge
slabs of metal flew
inward, torn from their
hinges, and smashed into
the back wall. She made
her way up the stairs,
stopping once to twitch a
finger toward an undead
guardian, sending it back
to hell where it belonged.
A splash of blackened
blood sprayed across
her face and dripped down
her cheek to her chin.
She walked into the study
to find Denkhara sleeping
on the corner bed. When
she awoke later, she
would regret not killing
him as he lay unconscious.
Instead, she saw his
memoirs and was drawn
to them. One couldn't live

for so many years and
not wonder what those
pages contained. As she
began to read, she felt a
hand touch her head, and
all went black.

Andrea awoke to find
herself in Denkhara's
sanctuary.
"You know," started
Denkhara, "you're the only
person to ever see this
room."

Andrea didn't respond.
She was speechless, for
in front of her, bolted
to the wall, lay two
bodies; Her mother's, and
a second incomplete one.
The second lacked a head.

"I see you're glad to see
your mother, dear
daughter," smirked
Denkhara, "but I doubt ye
know who the second is.
You see, that was to be
the new body for my
beautiful Marie."

"This is what I felt all
those years?" she asked.

"Most likely," replied
Denkhara. "But enough
about that. I'm much
more interested in your
powers. Tell me, where is
it that you've trained to
become so strong?"

Andrea tried to break
the magical bonds that
held her but her
attempts were met with
severe pain. Yet, the
rage built within her,
fueling her, surpassing the
pain. Her eyes flared
solid emerald once more...

To Be Continued...